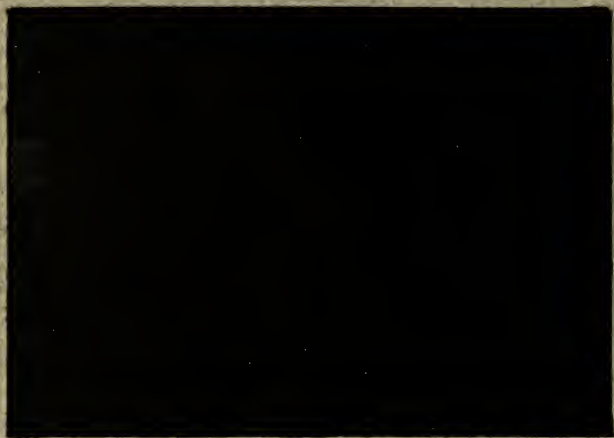


Quamosa,

From Will and Mabel, Iowa
Lozenian, August 20, 1908



WITHDRAWN

A Love Affair

in



Gardiner Station

Wonderland

AUTHORS: M. M. AND L. L. QUAW

A GIFT from W. F. Brewer, professor in the Montana State College, 1896-1942. Please use carefully and thoughtfully, for thus you may learn to know the minds and thoughts of other persons, and so enlarge your own understanding.

CHAS. A. DODGE



NELL

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A Love Affair in Wonderland

< Livingston, Montana, July 5, 1906. >

Dear Bess:—

8:00 A. M.

< I'm afraid you'll find this note a horrid scribbly one, but I can't help it, for I'm not in the mood for letter writing. > Tom and I have had a terrible quarrel and the result is I have left his old private car, have given him back his ring, and am enroute for the Yellowstone Park—alone.

< You know we had planned to stop here at Livingston a week and go through the Park, had our tickets all bought, and just as soon as we arrived here, almost as soon as the train stopped, who should appear but Billy Tremont and his sister Tessa. They insisted that we alter our plans, and spend the week on their big ranch near a little God-forsaken town called Big Horn, or Big Hole, or Big Timber, or some such inappropriate name. > Of course Aunt Ella and Clarice and Tom's father and mother accepted with joy—so did Tom. Wasn't it horrid of him when he knows I never could endure Tessa Tremont? And just think of the extravagance, six tickets thrown away. I told him I couldn't go to the Tremont's ranch, for I would never countenance such

q. W. F. Brewer



prodigality and he merely laughed. Well to make a long story short, here I am in the Livingston station waiting for the Park train which leaves for Gardiner at 8:30. Crowds of well dressed people are hurrying to and fro on the platform. I've just met Senator Clancy of South Carolina and his wife. Aunt Ella used to know Mrs. Clancy years ago. She is to chaperone me on this trip. She is a pretty, dark-haired little woman. The senator is a big, genial looking man, much older than his wife. Now that Aunt Ella's conscience is eased, I hope she'll enjoy herself. From where I sit I can see Tom's private car. What a villainous color—yellow is in certain lights.

Lovingly,

Nell.

P. S. Don't on any account try to sit up yet and don't worry about me.

Gardiner, Mont., July 5th, 11:30 A. M.

Dear Bess:—

Witness the advantage of traveling alone, helpless and unprotected. I have made three friends, all eminently respectable, all men, of course. Two good looking, one clever and a scientist. Met them on the train here from Livingston. Whenever you are traveling alone, Bess, always assume a clinging and bewildered air and you will find that men spring up everywhere to assist you. Well I clung, literally, to a seat in the car as we swung around a curve and looked as childish as I could. There was but one occupant in that seat, formidably hemmed in by field glasses, a camera and a great leather bag and two battered suit cases. His aloofness

was made more complete by a newspaper held close to his near-sighted eyes. A sudden lurch of the car threw me against his paper, and he looked up startled, sprang to his feet, cleared the seat by the window of his traps, put me into it, all in one breathless instant. His apology and my thanks was the only conversation between us for some time. He was taking copious notes on the points of interest we passed, while I looked with delight at the lovely country through which we were flying.

The stretch between Livingston and Gardiner is called Paradise Valley and it is certainly well named, for the smooth, placid Yellowstone River, the fertile farming country, and the great mountains beyond make it absolutely charming.

I remarked this to the professor, as I afterwards learned he was, and we struck up an acquaintance through our mutual appreciation of the lovely scene.

From this topic, he passed on to a discussion of the theory of the origin of the Park, the formation of gases, the generation of steam and like perplexing subjects, and soon had the senator and several other interested men about our seat. That's how I met number two. Among the audience was a handsome, tall, clerical looking fellow, who listened to the geologist's remarks with the keenest interest. He had been there but a few moments when the fat elderly conductor strutted up the aisle and announced in a highly nasal voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, by looking to the left of the car you will see Electric Peak, 11,155 feet." At these words the professor rose and made his way swiftly to the rear of the car, followed by all his admirers, all but one, for at that instant

I tried to raise the window to obtain a better view. Of course it stuck, the window, not the view, and the minister came to my assistance. Just as I was turning with a smile to thank my benefactor, a great gust of wind blew in and a cinder lodged in my eye. You needn't laugh, Bess, if you had seen the tears stream down my face you would have known it was a genuine cinder. Mrs. Clancy tried to get it out, but only made it worse, so my knight errant rushed off in search of someone professionally skilled and returned with a surgeon, an army surgeon, and introduced Captain Shaler, U. S. A., who quickly extracted the cinder. Well, we all grew to be good friends in the brief ride which followed, and I learned that the captain is stationed at Mammoth Hot Springs. He is tall and erect and wears a suffocatingly tight olive-green uniform, and he is a friend of Jess McCade and her husband.

When we reached Gardiner, a typical western town of sage brush, boulders and saloons, we hurried through the dear rustic station and out on the platform where the coaches were arriving. You should have seen them drive up, all in line, drawn by beautifully matched horses. Our team was black. We dashed up the hill to the Wylie hotel and I've been writing all this in the reception room, while other tourists about me are unpacking trunks and re-packing suit cases. I didn't tell you, but there are two main ways of traveling through the Park, with the hotel's or Wylie's Permanent Camps. We are to go the latter way for I have never camped out before, neither has Mrs. Clancy, and everyone says it is the most fun. The other tourists, the hotel people, go to Mammoth for dinner, it is five miles here, they say.

LATER.

〈We've had dinner and are to start in a few minutes for our first camp.〉 All the passengers are on the porch awaiting the arrival of the coaches. The minister has just pointed out Sepulcher Mountain to me. I can see it from the south window. Right on top of a high mountain are two rocks curiously resembling a tomb stone.

A fat old lady has just come in from the store with an immense blue sun-bonnet and smoked glasses. She is talking to her son, a thin, sickly looking fellow with a camera.

〈There is the most delightful atmosphere of gaiety and preparation about everything and everybody. The professor just stuck his head in the door to know how I like his costume. The color scheme of it is wonderful, a kahki suit and blue flannel shirt, high leather boots, a flaming bandana around his neck, a slouching sombrero and some awful smoked glasses. He says all Westerners dress like that. I've exchanged my traveling suit for a short skirt, a sweater and heavy boots. The minister has gone to the store to get me a cow-boy hat. I think I'm going to have a lovely time, Tom or no Tom.

Goodby till later,

Nell.



*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*



Compartment Tent

*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*

Willow Park, July 5th, 5:30 P. M.

Oh, Bess, where shall I begin? I'm in a tent, the dearest tent, with a floor and rugs and a little toilet table draped with muslin with a white granite wash bowl and pitcher, a nice spring bed, with dainty bedding. It's all delightful and if you ever go through the Park, go this way. And while Chicago is mopping its forehead and gulping down iced drinks, I am seated before a funny little sheet iron stove, with a crackling fire in it, and the fire feels good, too, for the air grows quite fresh every evening.

This camp is in an ideal spot among the pine trees. The tents are all blue and white striped, a regular little village of them. As we drove up this afternoon about three o'clock, we were greeted warmly by a sweet-faced matron and a nice girl showed us to our tents. They tell me many college boys and girls work at these camps during the summer.

When we had rested a bit, Mrs. Clancy and I investigated the camp while the men went fishing. They have log kitchens here with heavy doors and the windows are barred at night to keep out bears. There are great steel ranges in the kitchens, everything is very clean. The cooks are women.

LATER.

We had dinner at 6:00 in an immense tent with saw-dust on the floor and we sat on benches at long tables and it was just like one big family, not a bit stiff or formal. No one had to dress up or care how he looked. A Harvard student sat on one side of me at dinner. He tried to talk Western and had a red handkerchief about his neck and was attired in cow-boy regalia, but he couldn't



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Willow Park Camp

have looked more Eastern had he appeared in a dress suit. The minister sat on my left—I begged the notes which he took on the way here for I haven't time to describe all the beautiful things we've seen today.

*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*



“Slim” The Driver

The distance from Gardiner here is eleven miles and we came in a great yellow Concord coach, drawn by four beautiful black horses. Our driver's name was Slim, doesn't that sound Western? He can handle the “tackies” better than any man I ever saw— (tackies are horses, you poor, ignorant thing).

When we passed through the great arch today and into the Park, I dropped all chains and shackles of conventionality and so did all the rest of our party. You ought to see reserved New Englanders thaw out. By the way, Captain Shaler has invited me to go for a ride up the Appolonaris Spring this evening. He is here now with a horse for me. There is a party of six going. Won't it be jolly? Goodby, dear. More later.

Back from my ride and will finish this letter so it can go off in the morning. Our ride through the pines was heavenly. The spring is on a knoll above the road. The water is ice cold and very refreshing. On the way we saw a beautiful deer grazing by

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Deer Seen at Appolinaris Spring

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the roadside. The captain was very nice and stayed with us around the camp fire for some time after we returned, and we sang, told stories, popped corn, and danced a stirring Virginia Reel. Bess, I cannot describe the charm of this first night in the Park. The roaring camp fire under the stars, the music, the wind in the pine trees—you'll have to come yourself next year to see it all.

Outside the savages are singing—the tune is "Tammany." I will write down their parody:

"Ten o'clock, Ten o'clock,
Time that you were all in bed,
So the matron now has said,
Ten o'clock, Ten o'clock,
Scatter, Scatter,
What's the matter,
Ten o'clock."

It has a lulling influence and opposite me is a placard bearing the following information:

Rising bell rings at 6:00 A. M.

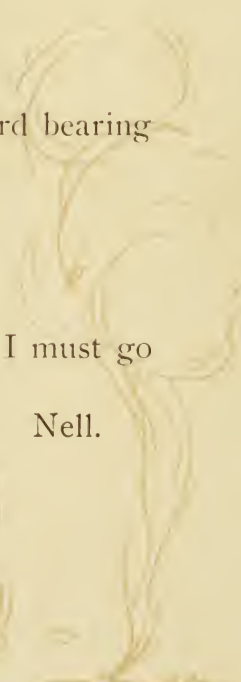
Breakfast at 6:30.

Departure of coaches, 7:00.

It makes me realize that if I am to get up in time, I must go to bed.

Good night,

Nell.



*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*

Mrs. Clancy Feeding the Bear



Bear at Willow Park Camp

(Savages are the Wylie drivers.)

P. S. It is morning and I'll mail this letter in a few moments. Had the best sleep last night. This morning a gong wakened me and a camp boy brought in hot water and built me a fire. Had a fine breakfast. We will leave in a few moments for the geysers. I saw my first bear this morning, a little cub. He was in the woods back of the camp and looked so cunning, peering from the branches of a pine tree. Mrs. Clancy got a piece of bread and sugar and he ate from her hand while I took her picture. You aren't allowed to feed the bears, Bess, so don't tell.

I hope the minister's notes will tell you something of yesterday's trip. I enclose them anyhow. Nell.

MINISTER'S NOTES.

Wild, free, boundless, so the Park impresses me. The devil may have laid claim to the more remote portions, but so far it seems God's alone. The road from Gardiner to Willow Park winds along the Gardiner River, that roars and foams over its rocky bed. At one point our driver pointed out a slender spire of rock at the top of which clung an eagle's nest with some young ones in it. The exact number I failed to note as at that moment the veil of Miss Humphrey floated before my eyes, a dainty thing and most becoming as a veil.



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Golden Gate

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Our way ascended gradually at first, then grew steeper and steeper until at last we rounded a curve and came suddenly upon the military post and hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs. This spot looks much like a miniature summer resort up here among the hills with beautifully kept lawns, gay flowers and soldiers on parade.

A soldier came up with us from Livingston, a well meaning fellow, but assertive, very assertive.

But, oh, the springs, not more than a quarter of a mile from curio stores and the gay hotel, but so silent and remote in their beauty. A thousand dainty tints painted on the rocks, and terrace after terrace emptying its clear contents upon the one below. God has touched these vast formations with a delicate brush.

As we left Mammoth, the road wound up among the hills till we came to a wonderful region called the Hoodoo Lands. Here at one time must have occurred a gigantic upheaval for boulders of incredible size and shape are strewn about everywhere. At one place the road passes between two large rocks called Silver Gate. This region is full of wild beauty, but is nothing in comparison to the Golden Gate beyond. God and man have worked wonders here and the road built above the canyon, through a solid mass of rock, is one of the most wonderful feats of engineering I have ever seen.

When we had reached the highest point in the pass, our driver obligingly stopped and we looked back down the canyon marvel-



ously tinted with reds, yellows, and browns, and above it the winding roads.

After leaving the Golden Gate we traveled through a lovely valley over the most ideal roads. Then our way led into the heart of a pine forest, from which we did not emerge until our camping place was reached.

They sprinkle every mile of road here and the odor of damp earth mingles delightfully with the fragrance of the pines. From time to time we passed private camping outfits, "sage brushers," our driver called them.

Geyser Camp, July 6th, 5 :00 P. M.

Bess, Dear :—

We have reached the Upper Geyser Basin where we are to spend a day and a half. Promptly at seven the coaches drove up to the stile and we said goodby to the Willow Park people till next Tuesday when we are to return from the canyon. You see this trip takes the form of a rude circle with Willow Park for the entrance and exit.

We have a new driver today, not so western as Slim, perhaps, but a clever, well mannered college boy whose name is Paul Sherman.

Our party were very musical, we have sung all day, everything almost, from Annie Laurie and Ben Bolt to Hello Peaches and So Long Mary, and any number of parodies. One of them we learned at Willow Park, it goes to the tune of Chicken :

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IN WONDERLAND

“W, am de way to begin,
Y, am de second letter in,
L, dat am de third
And de middle of de word.
I, am nearing de end,
E, and dat is de end.
W-Y-L-I-E—Dat am de way to spell ‘Wylie’.”

We shout this at everyone we meet. Our load is composed of very jolly people. The minister and I sat on the box seat with the driver, Senator and Mrs. Clancy in the front seat, the dear professor with his awful goggles shares the seat with a clever newspaper woman from Chicago, and in the back are a brother and sister, Will and Nina Harrington. He is an engineer at the head of some railway survey in Montana, and she keeps house for him. They seem the best of friends and pose as bride and groom on this trip.

The Harvard youth who poses as Western, insists on riding horseback. I'm afraid he will be awfully stiff tonight.

We rode all day through miles of pine trees with here and there a little valley. The first thing we passed this morning was Appolonaris Spring, then Obsidian Cliff, a great cliff of solid black volcanic rock. Then several pretty lakes and then we began to smell sulphur in the air and came to Roaring Mountain. I

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IN WONDERLAND*



Camp Girl Feeding Bear—Thumb Camp

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IN WONDERLAND*

wish I could borrow the professor's notes to tell you of this great mountain, covered with thousands of steam vents, through which volumes of steam are escaping. The driver stopped and we listened to the far away roar and got a glimpse of the mountain through the pine trees.

As we neared Norris Basin, evidences of internal disturbance became more and more frequent. Along the road would spring up little hot pools and sizzling ponds of mud, and the odor of sulphur was strong in the air. It was in this basin that I saw my first geyser, the Minute Man. There was a great steam vent here called the Black Growler. The trees for a long distance around it have been killed by steam and stand white and bare, like ghosts.

We took lunch at Gibbon, a wild little spot in Gibbon Canyon. You've no idea how hungry we were, nor how good the cold ham, hot rolls, potato salad, baked beans, sponge cake and coffee tasted. There was the boldest little chipmunk here called Rusty who would eat out of your hands. I offered him a big doughnut, thinking he would break off a piece, but instead he took the entire thing in his tiny paws and sat there holding it while he filled the pouches in his cheeks with it. When he had nibbled it down to a more convenient size he ran away with it to his home.

After a rest of an hour we started on again and crossed a range of mountains, going up, up, for miles, then down again into a lovely region where the road wound along the Fire Hole River.



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IN WONDERLAND*



Deer Seen at Gibbon

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IN WONDERLAND*

We saw five deer today ; they were drinking near a bridge as we passed and didn't seem a bit afraid of us. That's the beauty of this Park. All the little wild things of the woods are safe and consequently not afraid of the passing traveler. Little squirrels dart among the pine branches and chatter and scold at one another, tiny chipmunks and clumsy wood chucks look curiously but not fearfully at us as we pass. There are flowers in the greatest profusion everywhere and the meadows and little parks among the pine trees are a mass of gorgeous color.

Our next stop was at the Lower Geyser Basin, a great arid region of hard scaly formation which looks like limestone. All over the formation were openings, some geysers, some great pools of boiling water of the most exquisite coloring. These formations are right in the midst of pine trees, this seems odd, doesn't it? There is a big hotel here called The Fountain, named for the great Fountain geyser a mile away. Four miles from the hotel is a place called Hell's Half Acre. There is an immense crater here of the Excelsior Geyser. It has not erupted for twenty years, but boils furiously all the time. The pools are quiet, but beautiful in their coloring. There was one here of a lovely turquoise color, and an immense pool called Prismatic Lake where the steam rises in the most bewildering prismatic colors, reflected from the waters below.



*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*

Mercy! There is the first gong for supper and I must spruce up a bit. The other tourists fancy I am writing these long letters to my "stiddy." Wouldn't they be saddened could they know the whole dramatic situation.

Well, till tomorrow,

Nell.

P. S. I'm going to mail this by the freighter who goes to Willow Park tomorrow.



Old Faithful Inn

A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND

Geyser Camp, July 7th.

Dear Bess :—

This camp is much like the first only bigger, for the crowds double up here, and a new set of tourists came in tonight. All that we saw yesterday we see today only on a larger scale. Geysers are on all sides of me, some one of them is spouting almost all the time. Last night I went down to watch Old Faithful Geyser play by moonlight. It is a walk of a mile and a half from the camp to Old Faithful Inn, the big hotel, built entirely of logs. The dearest, quaintest Inn I ever saw. I'll send you a picture of it.

There is a pretty rustic curio store near the Inn where I got the pictures.

The moonlight was lovely and there were hundreds of tourists out on the formation. At the top of the Inn is a great electric contrivance that throws a shaft of light on objects, even a mile or more distant. They turned it on early last night, first on one geyser and then on another; once on a great black bear and two cubs at the garbage pile back of the hotel. The mother bear held a meat can in her paws and was licking out its contents and when the light fell upon her she gave a funny snort and galloped clumsily away. A funny thing happened, too; a soldier and his girl, one of the waitresses from the hotel, were out walking. He had his arm around her waist and her head was on his shoulder. We had all been singing "On the Road to Mandalay," and when the glare from the searchlight fell upon them, the Harvard boy, who was with us softly repeated the verse:

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IN WONDERLAND*



Old Faithful Geyser

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IN WONDERLAND*

“Though I walk with fifty housemaids
Out from Chelsea to the Strand,
And they talk a lot of lovin’,
Still wot do they understand?”

Wasn’t it appropriate? A moment later the light was turned somewhere else and they were swallowed up in the pine trees.

Then Old Faithful began to play and all eyes were centered on it. First a roar as of distant thunder, then steam, and after an interval a great column of steam and water over seventy-five feet high shot up into the air. It certainly looked very weird and beautiful in the glare of that great light.

When we reached camp half an hour later, our driver and the guide, who will take us over the formation this morning were doing a ballet dance about the camp fire to the stirring ragtime of a tiny folding organ. After that we all danced wonderful square figures. The guide who was a Southerner called for us in a pretty soft drawl, standing meanwhile on a bench and dancing a double shuffle back and forth. One of the calls was, considering the environments, especially impossible. It went:

“Hands in youah pockets, face to the wall, take a chaw of tobacco and hammah down all.”



*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*



Norris Geyser Basin

LATER.

I've just had lunch. The guide took us all over the formation this morning and I saw in all fifteen geysers and hundreds of hot pools. There is one shaped and colored like a morning glory. The post card I sent you does not exaggerate it at all. When we reached Old Faithful the coaches were waiting and we were whirled away to Black Sand Basin. Here we saw a beautiful hot

*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*

spring called from its color, Emerald Pool. I believe it is the loveliest I've seen yet. There is a tiny place here called the Handkerchief Pool. Here the guide explains to you that the devil takes in washing. He told us to put in our handkerchiefs and they would be returned to us clean and white. I put in my white silk gloves and the rest of the tourists their handkerchiefs. One by one they were sunk down out of sight and after a few moments back they came all but my gloves. We waited and waited and were just turning away in despair when they appeared on the surface of the boiling water, inflated with steam, looking for all the world like hands stretched up for aid. How we all laughed.

Next we passed the Devil's Punch Bowl. It is smaller, but quite as lovely as Morning Glory Pool.

There is a bath house at this camp with sulphur water direct from the hot pools. I intend to take a dip this afternoon. The rest of the party go to Biscuit Basin, about a mile south of here. We are going down to see Old Faithful again this evening.

P. S. I have seen very little of the professor today, he is so wrapped up in the formation, dear man. I sometimes wish the minister were also wrapped up in the formation. Nell.



LATER.

Bess, I have torn open your letter and am going to insert this as a postscript. Prepare for a sensational thrill. Tom is in the Park. He must be with the Transportation Company. I saw him this evening under the most melodramatic circumstances. We went down to Old Faithful to see it play as I said we should. I was with the minister. Well, I never dreamed he was so—well smitten. On our way to the geyser through the pine trees he actually proposed and I was so thunderstruck I am sure I don't know what I said, but it wasn't "no" and it wasn't "yes." Anyhow it encouraged him, and he clasped my hands and was kissing them when that awful searchlight fell right on us, and there, not more than six yards away and coming toward us, was Tom and another man. Tom was smoking and as they passed he took his cigar from his mouth and grinned, and right there whistled the air to those lines from "On the Road to Mandalay." "Though I Walk With Fifty Housemaids, Etc." I've given the matter mature reflection and I am going to let Tessa have him and I suppose I shall be a minister's wife and have the Ladies' Aid meet at the parsonage, and I'll attend the Epworth League and Junior Endeavor, and Prayer Meeting, and I suppose I'll teach the Bible class in Sunday School. This may sound funny to you, but it is quite depressing to me. I never told you the minister's name, because it is so hideous, it's Pulley, think of that, Rev. James Pulley. How it will sound; Nellie Pulley, or how the following item will look in print: "Mrs. James Pulley enter-

*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*

tained the ladies of our home W. C. T. U. last Thursday?" I speak as if I had said yes to his proposal. I am to give him his answer tomorrow and it will be "yes." Our family is a proud one if nothing else—and to be compared to a housemaid!



*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*

Thumb Camp, July 8th.

Dear Bess:—

I think this ride is the best yet, and even though I was so depressed I could not help forgetting my troubles for a time at least. After we left the geysers we began to ascend, passing Kepler Cascade, a pretty waterfall, then entering the lovely spring Creek Canyon, a narrow winding road hemmed in by fantastic rocks and dark green pine trees, with a clear little rushing mountain stream at the bottom. After climbing for over three miles we began to go down hill, winding in and out for a mile down the crookedest road I ever saw called Cork Screw Hill. Then came another climb and the driver pointed out Shoshone Lake miles away with a glimpse of the great Teton Mountains beyond. When we came to the Continental Divide, the highest part of the road, we found snow, and snow-balled each other, think of it, in July! Then just before we reached this camp we turned a curve and there below us lay the great Yellowstone Lake stretching for miles, blue and sparkling in the sunshine. A few moments later and we drew up at the stile for lunch. This place is called Thumb Camp. The lake is shaped like a hand and this camp is on Thumb bay. There is a great hunting region south of here called the Jackson-Hole Country. We met a party of Germans who were going to hunt for a month or more out there. One of them was a Baron somebody or other from Berlin.

On the shore of the lake are paint pots and geysers and many hot pools. We are to take the boat here and travel across the lake to the next camp. Some of the party will ride around by road but the greater part will take the boat trip.

STEAMER ZILLA.

I am sitting on deck of this little steamer watching the sleeping giant. In front of me, outlined against the sky by a mountain range, is the reclining figure of a man, his face turned upwards. I have watched him for miles. This ride is so restful and comes just at the right time for the geysers are strenuous even though they are interesting and I am tired from tramping about yesterday. It is so calm and lovely on this big peaceful lake. There are many people from the hotels on board. The Harvard student sits near me and is playing softly on his mandolin. We stopped a while ago on Dot Island, where Captain Waters, the owner of the boat, keeps buffalo, elk, deer, and mountain sheep. The big yellow hotel is in sight, also the rustic house and store belonging to Captain Waters. I will finish this letter at camp.

LATER.

This camp is the prettiest one I think. It looks out on the lake from the pine trees. I am going boat riding with the minister this evening. There is to be a full moon on the lake and I am to give him his answer.

P. S. As I came out of the dining tent after dinner I noticed the following items of interest, or information to tourists, written on a card and pinned on the tent wall. I thought they were funny and I copied a few. By the way, the girls wrote these.

No. 1. The mile posts are one mile apart.

No. 2 The hot pools do not freeze over in winter.

(I asked the driver that very question this morning.)

- No. 3. The flowers are wild but harmless.
No. 4. The bear and deer are wild.
No. 5. No, we do not stay here all winter.
No. 6. We are up here for our health and \$25 a month.
No. 7. No, we do not want work in a private family this winter.
No. 8. Be prompt to dinner, we like to go rowing.
These were just a few of the fifty-six.



Riverside Geyser—Upper Geyser Basin

LATER.

I am back from my boat ride, Bess, and a very wonderful thing has happened. I must tell you before I go to bed. Last night we started out; it was very dark for the moon had not risen. As we passed the hotel, great crowds of tourists were sitting on the veranda. I waited on the pier while the minister went down to the boat house some distance away. In a few minutes out of the darkness shot a slender boat and came up to the pier where I was. I got in silently and we rowed away with swift, sure strokes. There were other boats on the water and far away came the plaintive strains of "Juanita." It was all very calm, and lovely, and neither of us spoke for some time. I was rather wishing Tom might be there to enjoy it, when lo! the oarsman lifted his head and I saw near me in the shadows, not the Rev. Mr. Pulley, but Tom himself. I was so surprised, but one couldn't profane the calm serenity of that scene with angry words and so we were reconciled. You know how determined Tom is, and I, I have played the role of clinging vine so long, it has become a chronic state with me. The moon rose and fell in all its beauty from behind the dark Absoraka Mountains, and we rowed up the great path of light. All along the shore the pine trees were reflected in the clear, still water and we could see many camp fires gleaming in the distance. We uttered the usual platitude I suppose, but I know you are wondering how it all happened, my going with Tom. You see he took a mean advantage of the minister. He had no idea of it at first, didn't even know we were going out,



*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*



Giant Geyser



A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND

but he happened to be taking a boat when he saw me waiting and the thought came to him of rowing up before the minister could get there. I shall never forgive myself for my silly cheap flirtation with the poor little minister. He was waiting on the pier when we returned, poor fellow, and I broke it to him as gently as I could for I put my hand on Tom's arm and presented them to one another. My ring shone again from its old place on my finger. He saw it and instantly comprehended. Bless him. Just as he turned away and said good night, a girl on the pier quarreling with her lover cried in a high shrill voice, "You'll get over it, but you will never look like anything." Was that prophetic of my minister, I wonder?



*A LOVE AFFAIR
IN WONDERLAND*



Grand Canyon

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Canyon Camp, July 9th.

Dear Bess:—

I am sitting on a sheltered ledge of rock overlooking the Lower Falls of the Grand Canyon, where the water leaps three hundred feet or more. Across the river are the professor and Tom. They are on their way down Uncle Tom's Trail to the foot of the Falls. They seem so near that I could throw a stone and reach them, but the guide book says it's over 2,000 feet away.

Oh, this canyon, I can't give you any idea of its awful grandeur. Fancy a great rugged chasm with walls of the most marvelous coloring; the hues of rainbow and sunset mingled together in one bewildering mass of beauty, stretching away as far as the eye can reach. Above, the pine trees crowd close together as though looking over at the narrow green ribbon of water below. And the gateway to all this beauty is the Falls whose roar is the only sound that breaks the eternal stillness of the place. I am happy, Bess, oh, so happy. But as I sit here amid all this sublime grandeur, the thought comes to me, of a lovely moonlit lake up among the pine clad hills, and I feel, that of all the spots in this wonderland of beauty, that spot will be always held in most tender remembrance by your

Nell.

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Concrete Bridge at Grand Canyon.

Mrs. G. D. South



THE KERTON COMPANY DES MOINES